



(P R I C E L E S S)

META-THEATER
OR
THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF
POETRY
BY KHALIL-GHIBRAN

SEPARATED INTO ACTS
CONTAINS EDITED, REVISED
MATERIAL
INCLUDES WORK FROM
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED
*KHEOPS AND THE CHAMBER
CHOIR*

FOR TEARS, JOY, AMAZEMENT,
FULFILLMENT, WONDER
COPYRIGHT © 2015 ALL
RIGHTS RESERVED

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ACT 1.....3

ACT 2.....10

ACT 3.....16

ACT 4.....21

ACT 5.....25

ACT 6.....30

ACT 7.....36

ACT 1

HOLES IN HEAVEN

Fine silk and precious metals
Burn in the face of the wind
The earth gives birth
Sky and sea merge again

Back into the calm
Both parts want more
Then air flies free
Higher reaches lower

Acres of fine roses
Fair vista of flames
Through the looking glass
See treasure in caves

Salt boils to the top
Distill over and over
Til' clouds take view
With rain and thunder

The feathers of the phoenix
Fall as if old
Down into the helm
And cook like coals

When we speak of gold
We mean the common
But ours is the spirit
That fell to the bottom

Yet we mean what's pure
And without wings ascends
Escaping from the deluge
And into Jerusalem

Holy city of lights
Holy one on the throne
Stands outside the gate
Until the work is done

Red lion of Judah
Battle and devour the dark
Lightning strikes the dust
Ashes fly apart

To all a revelation
Like the book of John
The holy art grows
By stalk and vine

ABRAHAM'S AMBROSIA

Abraham's ambrosia
Just a grain's share
Changes wrong to right
And foul to fair

In other words
Find the living fountain
Which springs eternal
From the living mountain

Look and see how
Lazarus was given breath
Or how Madea saved
Jason from certain death

Food for angels
Children of men too
Great, deep elixir
Makes the body anew

All it costs is your time
Never your silver or gold
Do as Moses said
Pull chaos from cold

Baptize the world
By the stone immaculate
Distill and liquefy
Ash and feculence

For all infirmities
A universal remedy
Three is the secret
The holy trinity

The tabernacle's case
Carries the law
Arc and covenant
In the vestibule

Wait for reverent rain
Phantom of the sages
Find the triune treasure
In seven circulations

Our alum is priceless
So is the phlegm
Our white sand
Becomes red gems

Fleece of power
The tincture is our story
The ferment our frame
The robes our glory

Wade the water
Part the acid
And leave behind
The putrefaction

TRADE SECRET

Take red laton like the color of brown sugar or cinnabar, not the vulgar kind but philosophical. Wash it in spirit of wine in a reverberating furnace under constant flux of a heated bath for 40-50 days. Be sure to vigorously stir the work twice a day with a metallic rod to keep the impurities from settling. When you see that a ring of crystals has formed at the top of the vessel know that the sacred birth is soon due. Under light you will see the crystalline salt shoot many colors which you will not believe. Know that this is the true prima materia. Continue with the fire for 5 additional days and your laton or brass will begin to swell. This is the end of the first receipt.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

The haze in the liquor arose
As if dancing to blasting horns
Music of the gentle blaze
Fills the head of the flask

All comes over in the top
But slowly and equally fresh
More and more wine comes forth
From where no eyes can see

A pure vegetable fire flows
Spreading sulfur's gracious gifts
Quietly resting on the surface
Anointed oil of manna

More precious than metals
It is the spirit of metals
More so the center of gold
With the skin of silver

Melting but no longer destroyed
White wax drips to the floor
Evaporating and cleansing deep
Causing fruits to spring

Which one of us sought to know
Such a glorious splendid ether
Between the tasteful alcohol
And the crumbling saltpeters

Ring around the rosey cup
Gospel of the golden vase
Running streams sparkle
In the daylight gorgeously

Not even all the words written
Could touch the sight
Apples on the hill's slope
Roll into the ground's care

To be tomorrow's share
Left from yesterday's affairs
Dawn of the peacocks tail
Fog amid peaks and valleys

ACT 2

STARS IN A JAR

Our staircase of wonders
As in Jacob's dream
Runs like the waters
Forever flowing upstream

Apocalypse of St. John
Open and read the tale
Visit the scribes of Isis
And open her veil

On a virgin island
In a fertile oasis
Grows grass of glass
Sought from many places

Bandit and robber
Merchant and king
Often leave home
Looking for the thing

But it is everywhere
And can't be missed
The less you search
The closer it gets

These are puzzling lines
Much like to pieces
That fit together
As time increases

But keep pushing on
There's help in the maze
Stop and be patient
For the coming of days

BURNING MIRROR

Clean your Venetian glass globe,
Make sure to ready to the stopper,
Gather 3-4 ounces of living water,
Gather coals for the stone furnace,
Preheat the furnace for four days,
Take your water and fill the globe half-way,
Seal the top with the stopper,
Place the globe over the glowing coals,
Allow it to sit day and night..

You now have a little world imitating the larger
world,
When it rains, clouds and mist will cover your
globe,
When it storms, you will see thunder and wind
like never before,
When it snows, there will be silence and cold,
When it is time for spring, you will see trees and
plants,
When it is time for autumn, all that is mature
will fall

LIGHT THAT FLEW FROM CHAOS

The cold fire filled the distance in every instance,
The primordial filth lie scattered, broken apart
at the bottom of the vessel, evidence of the
perfect corruption.
From all directions the sound of the word
pleaded, "Spirit, how pure and undefiled was
your condition when you were closest to me. How
sad to see you have been kidnapped and held
hostage by burden and filth.
Do you wish to remain lowly and broken or do
you wish to be released and relieved?

I tell you rise up and you shall again feel the
power of paradise.”
Just as the word had spoke this did an
extraordinary column of flames
broke through its cold humid cage and expanded
into the unfathomable height. And now the bond
between heaven and earth stood tall,
reanimated.

The main secret of the art
Is white water not destroyed
Incombustible oil from ignoble earth
Heaven and earth mixed
And fixed forever
Dissolve and coagulate
By natural gentle means
Liquefy and congeal
For many days and nights
Distill and refill
Until perfect purity
Rarefy and evaporate
To the primal matter
Volatize the dense
Densify the volatile
Ascend and descend
Descend and ascend

TRADE SECRET II

Argent-vive consisting of azoth and magnesia
opens
and shuts the doorway to our royal water
tinctured.
Continuing from the first part the boiling should
not
have ceased, not even for a moment unless the
matter
be flipped on its head and rendered unprofitable.
Neither should your stirring have stopped which
should now be increased to 3 times a day until
the
unctuous impalpable powder expands to a pitch
black
wax like smoke indicating that calcination and
putrefaction, the first two keys consequently the
most crucial are almost complete. For they are
the
most difficult but when ultimately achieved
provide
the biggest sigh of relief to the eager seeker. I
personally
waited in the wilderness for at least 56 days.

A vibrant luminous display of colors much like
those of a peacock's tail lie amongst hidden in
the
ferment before all you who persevere because
though
the work is mere child's play it is also the most
difficult
thing in the world. This is the end of the second
receipt.

ACT 3

TRADE SECRET III

Fix the volatile, and volatize the fixed.
Reverberation,
subtilization, elixation, ablution, separation and
the
repetition of this cycle. By the 100th day, the
green lion
(copper sulphate) has ripped the skin from the
crow
while Diana's doves have ravaged and robbed the
beast
of its power. Out of this war the white earth is
born and
all glistens like the most priceless pearls. At this
point,
the fire should be such a degree as to burn the
fingers
if the vessel is touched. White transforms to
citrine then
burgundy, then dark red earth, arrives due to
the perfect
union of parts.

The salamander now creeps beneath,
imperishable and
eternally inseparable. One grain in a drought of
wine is
an antidote for misery and famine. This is the
secret of
secrets, treasure of treasures, aqua regis and
elixir vitae.
This is the end of the third receipt.

A RUN ON THE SUN

These ones of rare quality
Have ever been on high
Away goes our bird's
Fly Diana Fly

A brazen crown of joy
Fills the vessel full
White water of arsenic
Make bright of dull

Solomon's song and dance
Amaranth of the golden field
Snows just as in winter
With powers to heal

Tried and true our wine
Sip and drink our medicine
Which began as poison
In the form of sediment

The treasures of the temple
Kept by priests of old
Have controlled dynasties
And many things foretold

Written in stone hills
Dead and buried alive
Found in the desert
Where the sand cries

Learn from our majesty
Who laid the art plain
Which fell and died
And grew after rain

Once again I say
For the hundredth time
The thing is clear
In rhythm and rhyme

Deep in the tomb
Bright flames burn
But when opened
Quickly leave in turn

GREATER

There is a church, a house of worship,
where all of creation praises and sings,
this is the one, universal temple,
consecrated for and by the almighty.
Quite immeasurable are the dimensions of this
place,
all is within and none is without,
The foundation is made of all that is below,
and the ceiling is fashioned from all that was
above,
These are linked by the three pillars or three
faces of the
one to and for whom this palace was built,
The middle structure represents equality,
invisible parent
of the pillars that stand on either side,
To the right is the active positive creation,
To the left is the passive negative creation.

LESSER

There is a church, a house of worship,
where all of creation praises and sings,
this is the one, universal temple,
consecrated for and by the almighty,
Quite measurable are the dimensions of this
place, all is within and none is without,
The foundation is made of all that is below and
the ceiling
is fashioned from all that is above,
These are linked by the 3 pillars or the three
faces of the one to and for whom this palace was
built,
The middle structure represents the one body
that is actually two, that stand on both sides,
To the right is the positive active side where
blood flows in,
To the left is the negative side where blood flows
out

ACT 4

Now in our chemical gallery
An enigmatic analogy
Even though we speak in opposites
Of a world of opulence
The many figures and types
Create panic and hype
The incubation of the rose
Just as Villa Nova told
Drop dust and part the midst
Clean gold with oil of arsenic
And put it in such a way
We compare it to child's play
Fit with miraculous petals
Risen from the basest metals
The prize of our plan
Like the gestation of man
Which heals all infirmities
Is like the labors of Hercules
Take all brick and mortar
And put it in order

The most rarefied pearl
Worth more than the world
Fix and gather tons
Compare Saturn to Sun

HYMN OF ESDRAS

Bring the work to a boil,
to call upon the sparkling oil,

pulverize the toad to dust,
hand grind the gold to rust,

after the eclipse and all is clean,
springs from seeds the fertile green,

the rush of colors clear and bright,
vanish and become the stone so white,

once the stone is properly fed,
mercury rises and all turns red

RUTH'S WELL

Seven garments of silk
Some things of linen
All white pearls shine
With a perfect finish

Running rivers mouth
Pours forth the divine
The banks rush over
And spill the wine

The flood breaks the walls
Much is taken under
The world is lost again
In the wake of wonder

Gates shut up the falls
They hide the winds
That climbed the skies
And ride to the ends

In the high tide
Rises from the sands
A sweet vital essence
For the life of man

TRADE SECRET IV

Multiplication of the tincture in the fire
marks the end of your trial. Now is time for
building lodges for the poor and desolate,
comforting the sick, caring for orphans
and many other duties which accompany
such a great gift from God. In your right hand
is great fortune and in your left is long life.
This is the end of the fourth receipt.

ACT 5

DOOR OF LIGHT

Somewhere
In the midst of the world
There is a door of light
Unlike any other door before
For so many cannot find
Yet it is open to all

WINGS OF FIRE

The flame bounced and flickered with joyous
praise,
The tempest whirled then stilled her gaze,
A star began to fly and unfold,
Revealing a truth untold,
The darkness concealed the light,
From the boundless depth to the boundless
height,

To the left and the right the angels fell
Riding the chariot into the veil,
Voices whispered what they heard,
Eternal sounds floating in the word,
From the lowest to the highest,
From the darkest to the brightest,
Then the abyss became anointed with all,
Returning to the void as they called.
"O sweet voice I have seen in my dreams,
your beautiful fire with wings"

FACE OF THE DEEP

The multitude stood by
Appearing as if frightened
As the nations prepared
For storm and lightening
Some gathered grain
Some took to blood
Others received plants
The rest saw mud
Those who gathered grain
Thought it an easy task
But grain was consumed

They knew not the path
Those who spilled blood
Professed but did not care
For when time came
They were not spared
To fruits and herbs
The planter's score
When they beckoned
They could hear no more
But to ones that sowed
And toiled in the field
Without a sign searched
Surely found the yield
Theirs withstood the winds
And pasts all tests
When the calm came
They fared the best

VITRIOL

The crowned gryphon tromped the royal water as
the
angel fixed his eye on the indissoluble seals of
the
metallic spirits. The crude body lie in pieces,
broken
and divided revealing the splendor of the sun
incomplete.
A venomous verdigris filled the mouth, eyes and
stomach
of the parched beast enraging, enticing and
irritating it, turning its skin and acid azure color.
The beast turned its fervor to the scattered
remains of
the luminary now drowning in the sharp bitter
corrosive vinegar and began its feeding.
It devoured all seals accept this last and it
wouldn't
take much longer before all was consumed.

The digested renewed power of the seals burst
forth from the gut of the gryphon as its drops of
blood

clouded the water.

The angel riding the beast proceeded to collect
the

salty, incombustible, ruby red juice, and bathed
its

entire body.

His melancholy was diffused and the vibrant,
blinding

circle of dancing rays returned to his eyes. All
was restored.

ACT 6

Essence of metallic seed
Ignites a diamond wick
These are the valid keys
Proving the hybrid mix

Understand the basis
Made up of three
The names of those faces
Salt, sulfur, mercury

It's in the skill
The looker's fair
To cook ferment like meal
To choke the air

Burn the sea with embers
Set aside the tide
Coral reef like ginger
Soaked in priceless wine

Dilute the hydra with flames
Bake with heat over the Nile
Observe the pretty changes
Occurring in transcendent style

It causes things to grow
To die at the same time
It gives birth to the crows
Makes the swans dive

The honey of bees work
Escapes upward fast
Where it stays as earth
In a pure vivid ash

TOAST TO A SOUL, CONTENT

Down to this world
With head in head
I had found the way
To my wits end

And though tears fell
The crying was stopped
Joy was soon seen
As I had watched
A miracle made
By breath of life
Milk of magnesia
Oil clear and white
Moved on the face
Calm although mean
Took the time 'til
The deep was cleansed
Slowly and sure
Tender heat flew
To awaken the rose
As ever it grew
A single violet
Lusty and vibrant
Stem of gold
Leaves of diamonds

WORLD AT RANSOM

All things must come
All things must go
To the worlds end
Which no one knows

When the sky opens
And all is known
And the thunder rains
Then the earth tolls

Once the air flies
And the fire comes
And the waters rise
The mountains run

Time is now gone
The past weeps low
The wind goes out
And night creeps slow

While the dust screams
While the day calls
And as eyes shut
All the world falls

The sea stands still
The skies collide
Skies reopen again
World turns aside

The valleys shrink
Fruit is dried up
The hot sands speak
Cold is tied up

Many hearts burn
Some hearts are freed
Some will triumph
Many see tragedy

Rivers will stop
Lands stand and crawl
Structures crumble
The tides will pause

ACT 7

SLEEPING GIANT

After many thousands of years of toil and
anguish
building and destroying the edifice of god, the
titan
climbed the stone behemoth peering over the
sparkling
vista judging his measurements and cutting to be
precise.
He soon felt his form growing weak and his eyes
burning
for rest. The time had come for a slumber which
was fit
for a giant. Breathing
deeply he found himself along lush land standing
just over
the plateau. Birds flew over his brow, fish swam
under his feet, and the distance mountainous.

Shock erupted in his
mind. He saw how small his hands seemed
compared to
before. He examined how short his legs were, the
short
breaths he took and how much his features had
decreased
in magnitude. Enamored with unspeakable joy he
searched every corner
of this brave new world. The sky islands mingled
high, giant creeping things offered their
assistance, and the water flowed pure, pristine
showing him his wonderful reflection. He lived
care free as long as he was in this body and
enjoyed tranquility of mind. Everything began to
quake tumultuously. The water and the terrain
began to dissolve all around him,
the upper firmament tore itself apart and
everything disappeared. Gasping as he awoke
from the deep, despair
ate at him so violently that he contemplated
giving up his
duties.

Knowing this could not be he fetched his tools
and
returned to his occupation. He, however, did so
remembering
fully the amazing memories and prayed that the
time would
come for sleeping again.

STAGE

A figure so seductive
Pranced by unnoticed
Slipped into the background
Worked behind the scene
Keeping up a stage party
Holding onto a mask
There was a brilliant disguise
Covered up and reserved
Actions of actors present
Roles all accounted for now
Play set to begin prompt
I walk onto the platform

And perform the unexpected
Removing the mask

UNTITLED

Whoever taps the rock
Has only to drink
Nothing obscure or hidden
Between angels and man
The Euphrates drips below
Into the Sea of Galilee
Flows through the straight
When the cliffs rise
Tidal waves rush ashore
Bringing the shining minera
An amethyst walks at dawn
A gift for patience
Drown the stars promptly
To lift all vapors
According to the first
Movement of firmaments
Work the circulatum minus

Approach the black sea
Sail into the Euphrates
And again to Galilee
Only for the strong and brave
Do the seas march
Breaking out of barriers
Moving some of the land
The arid becomes wet
Islands are swallowed up
Continents merge again
That knew the sea floors
Coral of hot tinge
Caress the surfaces
Pushes like smoke
Past flesh and bone
Humid and fiery
Ocean and earth
Move as one
Not to be separated

UNFINISHED

Then there was a feast
Of sorts for every taste
All had heard of this
And dreamed of what it was
And who could host such
Stories of grandeur
Reached the world's end
Much was brought back
To many other lands
Many preferred its delights
Over their native food
What still was greater
Which drew mystery and awe
It seemed almost that
An endless great supply
Returned from this place...

JUST HALF PAST DAWN

A swans bathes quietly
Aromas sweep the air
Things whisper as they creep
Gated doors of the garden
Once locked before now
Are flung open to reveal
A most hidden paradise
Inside of the out
There is a maze
Which leads to the secret
Remember the bathing swans
Quiet as can be
Because the crows appear
Troubling the waters
Causing a frightening stir
Why now do they bother
To bring such darkness
Like fire and brimstone
When out of Vulcan's mouth
Blackens the eyes with ash

And blinds all vision
War wages in the garden
For possession of that secret

TRAPS AND MIRACLES

All the trappings of the miracles
Have fetched many legends
Grandeur and glamour
Of riches and fame
Also fools and phantoms
Charlatans pretenders greedy
Cheaters and murderers
Walk on and do not stop
The doors are hereafter locked
To you incapable of being released
How could you not see?
Blind have led the blind to death
Holding on going fast to nothing
Do not spread your desperate lies
Regarding our holy science
It is kept from your prying eyes

This is most just of course
The wrong hands slip with sweat
Though I would not feed your ego
You have gotten correct one thing
That is how to tarnish coin
How to reduce precious to poor
With all your experiments
Wrestle from your heart
All that is contrary or opposite
The royal art when once done
Remains permanent in all tests
Wherefore you find a pearl
Without any certain price
Only then can you say: "I searched high, I
searched low...yet I found it
in the middle"

SOMEDAY

Someday our trails will end
In magnificence comes a child
Innocent Immanuel the great
Provider protector peace
First one to cast a stone
Last to take anything

Moments spent forevermore
Have yet to be explored
Far reaches visit horizons
So much lays beyond that
Never written for the mortal
Has it been truly accounted
Past that of health and jewels
The true potentates prize

THE LOST WANDER BELOW

Evermore we have found heaven
The knots bound therein
Have been seriously a loosened
These floodgates collapsed
To the roaring sound of trumpets
Carried out of the gates
Along with rushing currents
The book landed inside of a garden
It's impact made it immovable
It was permanent and inviolable
Due to the pronounced withering

And dying of the innocence
It had to be moved to remain safe
Still to this very day that book
Never stays in one place
More than three straight nights
Since iniquity abounds everywhere
It is bound by nothing more
Than the turbulent winds of time

ANDALUSIAN

Musketeer, diplomat a defender
Guardian of the commonwealth
Center of the controversies
Knight of the order of Malta
Cause of trouble to courts
Slayer of corrupt judges
Who stood in front of the Chinese
And in the presence of Harold II
When he turned copper to gold
In an instant extraordinary
That it stunned the nations

The most sought after man
Many worlds here and there
He had visited and spoke with
Even more strange was his sight
An eye with tales of the coming
He realized the uproar in Damascus
Told of the Ottomans losing ground
Christians would exact revenge
Every message told came to pass
Revered by some hated by others
Wealthy beyond the aristocracy
Courted by ministers at Rome
Pursued by many maidens
Close to the end of the summer
Messengers were dispersed
He wished for the heads of nations
To attend for an important prediction
That if not minded trouble followed
By the end of the next summer
He claimed in astounding strength
There would be a large vessel
Transporting an ancient vassal
That like a torch was passed down
When put out cursed those in care

This same ship would be attacked
From a private family vendetta
If that vassal were to be lost
The economics of all nearby areas
Would dry up like the desert
For a duration of 3 generations
Despite his beckoning a pleading
Despite him predicting correctly
Meetings with all the presidents
Nobody listened to his words
The vessel and vassal were lost
Many fell to a watery grave
Financial centers halted everywhere
Many more were brought to justice
Citizens in many places lost rights
They lost it all
Strangely they all sought Andalusian
No one had seen or heard from him
He seemingly vanished without a trace

BE THAT AS IT MAY

Cast the first stone
But by little sight
Trust what is there
Will come to light

Earth leaves the sea
Standing on the face
Taking the first form
Cooling forth to clay

Cast again the clay
To the waters floor
Pour out the sweat
From the stones core

The stone is washed
As the sweat flies
The stone remains
Sets in the skies

Yet but by little
Let the stone drop
Finer than clay as
It rains from the top

Cast it yet again
Until you can tell
The clay is gone
Earth has swelled

Cast stone and wash
Again and again
Then gather sweat
Throwing brim to wind

THE END

